

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

November
1944



ENROLLMENT
FOR SERVICE
NOV. 1-15, 1944



AIR AGE ADVANCES

Timbuktu, Chungking, Pago Pago—name any other once far-off spot: it's now at the most only 60 hours from your local airport. A plane taking off from New York for Moscow will get there faster than a fast express train leaving at the same time for Miami. You can make it from New York to London by plane in 17 hours whereas it takes 18 hours to go by train from El Paso to San Antonio within the state of Texas. Due to the war, air speed has been incredibly accelerated. A P-38 was recently power-dived at a speed faster than the speed of sound—780 miles per hour.

"Realization of how the plane has shrunk the world is vital to straight thinking about the kind of peace that will endure. With this new conception of global geography, we see the world as it really is—a clustering of nations whose nearness makes them all members of the Family of Nations."

FACTS AND PHOTO ABOVE FROM "MAPS . . . AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND THEM" PUBLISHED BY CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION. FACTS IN THE COLUMN AT RIGHT FROM "LIFE," JUNE 8, 1944

ROUND TRIP TO INDIA—in ten days: Several times every week a big Army Transport Command plane rolls down the runway at the Miami airport and takes off southeast on the first lap of its regular round trip to India, carrying vital war supplies to the Far Eastern front. In Puerto Rico by lunchtime, the plane refuels, and at Georgetown, British Guiana, by nightfall takes on a new crew. They head on down to Belém in Brazil for breakfast. Then off to Natal, last port in the Americas.

In mid-Atlantic the plane seeks that mere speck, Ascension Island. It takes great navigational skill to locate this tiny island, and often it is necessary to guide the plane in by radio beam or escort plane. But Ascension as the halfway point in the vast reaches of the South Atlantic must be found so that the plane can again fill up.

On its way again, it heads for Accra on the African Gold Coast. Time out for the crew to take a shower; and then across French Equatorial Africa where the men can look down and see elephant tracks on the shore of Lake Chad. Sometimes the pilot buzzes the hippos wallowing around in the water, and they quickly submerge.

Two stops are made crossing Africa, and then the plane lands at Aden on the Red Sea, the sea which has been the gateway to India for three thousand years. At Masirah Island in the Arabian Sea, the plane has to refuel from underground tanks, because ordinary gas trucks burst into flames in heat which is often 116 degrees in the shade. At Karachi, the first port reached in India, the plane is likely to run into a sandstorm. Soon, near Agra, the plane hovers over the dreamlike beauty of the Taj Mahal, before heading for the end of the line, a place called Chabud, in the foothills of the Himalayas. There trucks back up to the plane, unload its precious cargo and head for Chennault's fliers in China. The plane is then ready to make the return trip—Arabia, Africa, Ascension, America. In ten days flat.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

November • 1944

But I Need You!

JO SINCLAIR

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

SOMETHING was the matter with Frank besides his left arm being gone. After almost two years of waiting for him to come home, Jimmie felt a little afraid because Frank was so different.

Jimmie could not figure out quite where the difference actually lay. His brother's face was the same, and yet it wasn't the same, either. It wasn't that he didn't smile as much; who would expect a man to smile if he lost his arm and had bullets or shrapnel or something like that in his shoulder? It was the look in his eyes, and the way his mouth was so still; and his voice sounded asleep.

A week ago Frank had come to the hospital. The newspaper photographers had come out to the house, and the whole street had trooped into the front room to holler congratulations to Ma and Pa.

Now the family were on their first visit to this hospital. They waited until Sunday for the visit because Ma wanted all of them to go out together, and Sunday was Louise's only day off from the factory. They were sitting in the Red Cross visiting room, he and Ma and Pa and Louise, and Frank was sitting opposite them, but it wasn't the way he had imagined it would be. Frank was wearing a maroon bathrobe over his pajamas, and bedroom slippers, and on the bathrobe pocket were the

wonderfully mysterious letters: MD. USA. And his left sleeve was empty.

Jimmie couldn't figure out what was wrong. He sat quietly, watching Frank and the other three, and tried to study it out. Besides Frank's asleep face, he could see Louise's pretty one. It looked a lot like Frank's, dark and kind of thin, with one dimple. But her eyes were too worried, and she tried to talk, but it looked like the words were hurting her to say. Ma sat there crying; the sad kind of crying, not the kind she'd done when she heard Frank was finally almost home—in the new Crile General Hospital, just an hour from town. And Pa sat there twisting his hands, with big tears in his eyes. And he kept staring at Frank in a scared way.

Jimmie wondered when he'd have a couple of minutes alone with Frank. He just had to talk to him, but he didn't want to until they were alone. If only Frank's face would wake up. If only it would look the way it used to when he was playing the piano at home.

Pa said suddenly, in Italian, "Frank, where were you fighting when it happened?"

"Near Naples, Pa," Frank said in that new low voice of his.

"Naples!" Ma cried softly, and started to weep harder. "Where we were born, Giuseppe!"

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Pa nodded, and the tears rolled down his lined face. "It is fate," he said. "Fate. But you were not killed."

"Oh, no," Frank said in that polite, low voice. He was talking Italian, too, the way he had always talked to Ma and Pa.

Jimmie strained to hear and see everything, trying to figure it out.

"Oh, Frank," Louise was saying, "things are so different! Imagine your sister in a war plant. You should see that mammoth machine I run."

"Ah, doing your bit, eh?" Frank said, and his voice had a little knife in it, and Jimmie saw Louise's face get very red.

She began to talk again almost immediately, but her voice was almost stammering now, and Jimmie's heart began to beat hard, the way it did when people were about to quarrel. He looked around the bright, sunny room with its gaily-colored cretonne curtains and wicker furniture. Everywhere, little clumps of people were sitting around men dressed in those maroon bathrobes. He could hear laughter and fast, happy talk from all sides.

Louise's soft voice was full of pity and Jimmie, listening to it, felt a little like crying. "It's not right!" he thought fiercely. "We all ought to be happy, not sitting around crying, talking soft and sad like at a funeral!"

"Frank, darling." He listened hard as Louise began to talk again. "Just wait until you see the house. There's new wallpaper. Your bedroom looks absolutely new. Oh, it will be wonderful, won't it? Just eating a lot, and sleeping and resting. We can hardly wait until you come home!"

Not one of them has talked about the piano, Jimmie thought with a dull feeling in his chest. It's like they're afraid to talk about it.

That sleeping voice came then. "I don't think I'll be coming home for awhile."

"What!" Pa cried. "Where then will you go?"

"Sh," Louise said to Pa, and Ma just stared, as if she were watching a ghost. "Do you have any plans, Frank? What do you mean?"

"I think I'll go to California," Frank said. Jimmie felt the words like hammers in his chest.

"To Uncle Jim's?" Pa asked, his eyes astonished, still wet with the tears.

"No. Just wander around a bit, I guess. Look around."

Ma's voice, half crying, whispered: "Louise, what does he say? I cannot understand."

Frank's head turned toward her. "I said,

Ma," he said in Italian, "I want to go to California for awhile."

Ma made a little, choked sound, and Louise said very quickly, "Frank, everyone will be so disappointed. They all want so much to see you."

"Haven't they ever seen a one-armed man?" the low voice said. "Or do they expect a concert?"

Then there was a terrible silence. Ma and Pa and Louise just looked at him, their eyes scared and full of tears. Jimmie knew they were all thinking hard of the time Frank had given those two recitals at Masonic Hall, the way he'd looked in the newspaper pictures, sitting at the grand piano.

Suddenly he couldn't stand it any more. "Frank," he said, very fast, "couldn't you show me the PX here? I never saw a PX in my life!"

Pa said, automatically, "Leave him alone, Jim."

But Frank had stood up. "It's very near here," he said. "Come on. We'll be back soon, Ma."

They left the three sitting there, and Jimmie ran ahead to push the door open.

In the corridor, he cried: "Gee, Frank, this is some hospital, isn't it? I've never seen such a big place. It's bigger than Public Auditorium!"

Frank smiled, and Jimmie paced his slow steps. The wide corridor was full of uniformed soldiers, nurses, patients and visitors, and for a while Jimmie could only stare. "Look, there's one of those WACS!" he said.

They walked on. Frank's voice said: "How've you been, kid?"

"Gee, Frank, I could hardly wait for you to get home! I've got troubles. Gee, and how!" "School?"

"Gosh, no! Piano troubles, that's what." Jimmie felt the tightness of the silence coming from Frank, but he did not look at his brother as they walked.

"What do you mean, piano troubles?" Listening closely Jimmie thought that the voice was not so asleep now.

"Well, it's the lessons," he said. "Mr. Marten gives them to me now. Like I wrote you. Well, the thing is, all the fellows laugh at me for taking piano lessons!"

"Stop taking them. Ma won't mind."

"But I like piano," Jimmie said. "I'm learning a Beethoven minuet. But, I don't like Mr. Marten for a teacher, Frank. He doesn't make it interesting, the way you used to. It's hard,

the way he does it."

"It is?" The voice seemed asleep again, but Jimmie went on desperately.

"The way the kids razz me, Frank. They're all my best friends, too. The funny thing is, lots of them take from Mr. Marten, too, but they hate it. They just hate Mr. Marten, and they skip lessons, and then they razz me because I don't want to skip lessons."

Frank turned into an open doorway, and there they were in the PX. It was marvelous. Jimmie stared and stared as he followed Frank to a corner of the soda bar. They sat on the last two seats, and Jimmie twisted on the high stool, to stare at the people milling about the small room, at the patients and nurses sitting at the square tables.

"Gee, there's a guy on a stretcher. Eating ice cream lying down!" he said, and Frank said, to his left, "Here's your ice cream, kid."

It was chocolate, a huge dish of it, and Jimmie smiled back at the pretty, smiling girl behind the bar. Frank had a double coke in front of him, and his hand was around the glass but he wasn't drinking it.

"It's good," Jimmie announced after the third mouthful.

Frank said nothing. Jimmie sighed and ate slowly.

"Mr. Marten is moving to New York," he said after a while, but Frank said nothing, and Jimmie was afraid to look.

"He told Ma two weeks ago. I don't want to stop lessons." His voice slowed down. "I got a scheme, Frank."

Then, in a few moments, he said pleadingly, "Don't you want to know what my scheme is, Frank?"

"Sure, sure," his brother said.

"Well see, Frank, I asked them how they'd like to take lessons from you!"

"You asked who?" Frank's voice was not asleep. His eyes were not asleep.

"The fellows," Jimmie said, his heart banging.

"What are you talking about?" Frank demanded. His eyes were angry, but they were not asleep.

Jimmie stammered, "Take lessons from a guy who has the Purple Heart. Boy, they almost knocked me down, they were so excited. They can't call piano lessons sissy now, and, besides they all know how good you are."

As Frank's eyes grew darker and more angry, Jimmie talked faster. "They told their mothers. Well, gee whiz, Frank, the mothers came to Ma. They said their kids were dying

for lessons now, and they were so happy about the kids they wanted Ma to tell them it would happen that way, and . . ."

"Look here, Jimmie," Frank broke in, "I'm not coming home. There's absolutely no point to coming back. All those people gawking . . ."

His voice petered out as he looked into Jimmie's eyes. "What the matter?" he said softly, and his eyes had not been asleep for a long time now.

"But I need you, Frank," Jimmie said, his eyes big with disbelief. "You wouldn't go away now, would you? I've been waiting and waiting for you to come home. I need you so bad!"

He watched Frank's eyes fall, followed their look to the dish of melting ice cream.

His voice was shaking, but he didn't care, it was too important to tell Frank.

"Why, gee, Frank! The fellows all told me if you would give them lessons—heck, it's good enough for them!"

Frank's eyes swung up to his. They were not angry, and yet they had not gone back to being asleep either.

"And nobody ever gave me as good a lesson as you, Frank," he said indignantly. "I had two others before Mr. Marten, and I know."

Still Frank said nothing, just looked at him, and Jimmie said excitedly, "This minuet, Frank. I just can't get it."

Sitting there, on the high stool near the melting ice cream, he whistled a few bars.

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Jimmie stammered. "Take lessons from a guy who has the Purple Heart!"



Brothers of Mercy

EVELYN STRONG

Illustration by Pietro Lazzari

AFTER the bitter fighting around Naples this year, United States soldiers engaged in "mopping up" were treated to a strange sight.

"Look," said one American boy pointing to a group moving slowly amid the wreckage of ruined houses, "who are those people?"

His buddy stared in the direction indicated. He saw figures partly hidden by white coverings that looked like sheets, with slits for eyes, nose and mouth. The wearers were old men, women and half-grown boys. Evidently they were searching for the injured, for they had rolls of bandages and stretchers all ready.

Back of those hooded figures going quietly and efficiently about their work of mercy in the wartorn Italy of today, extended a long record of service to the sick and suffering, for they are the Brethren of Mercy and they had their beginning in the beautiful old city of Florence, seven centuries ago.

In those days, in the Piazza San Giovanni, a great open square in the very heart of the city, public porters waited to be hired. They bore heavy loads, boxes, barrels, bundles, and chests for those moving from one part of the town to another. These human beasts of burden worked very hard, but they also had many hours of idleness when they waited in the Piazza for someone to employ them. They slept stretched out in the sun, or diced, or swapped yarns and rough jests while they ate and drank.

These porters were coarse, ignorant men, and their language was in keeping with their lack of education. One of them, Pietro Borsi by name, took it upon himself to lecture his fellows for cursing and swearing. Then he proposed to fine each man every time he uttered an oath, the money to be put into the poor box at church.

This Pietro Borsi was, to give him his official title, "Chief Porter of the Wool Carriers," that is, he brought raw material to be spun and woven into cloth. He was a good sort, well liked by the others, so they agreed to pay a fine as he proposed every time an oath slipped out. Apparently paying a fine did not improve their language very much, for collections increased. Then Borsi suggested that instead of putting it in the poor box, they should use the

money to buy stretchers to transport the sick to hospitals, and to carry the dead to burial.

The next step was that each porter agreed to donate his services one day a week. In those days of medieval Florence, street fights were of daily occurrence, and the charitable porters did not lack occupation.

Borsi then formulated simple rules. The men called their society the "Misericordia," or "Mercy." Members were absolutely forbidden to accept anything from relatives and friends of those whom they aided, except a drink of cold water. They adopted a long red garment that covered them from head to foot and had a hood with slits for eyes. This was partly done to protect them from contagion and partly as a uniform.

This humble society, founded by the poor for the poor, grew and grew. It outlasted its founder and became a regular city institution. On March 29, 1329, the Republic of Florence officially recognized and chartered it. It is difficult to realize in these days of well-organized charity what a blessing the Brethren of Mercy were to the sick poor of Florence, who had no one to care for them or see to their burial.

When a tremendous plague swept the city, the Misericordia really proved its value. Everyone who could do so fled, and the authorities left the care of the sick and dying entirely to the Brethren of Mercy, who bravely stuck to their posts.

They and they alone entered houses marked by the dreaded cross showing that someone within lay dying or dead of the plague. With them came medicines and clean linen for the sick, hope and comfort for the survivors. And the Brethren were the only means of contact with the outside world and source of food for those who, though they were not plague-stricken, were quarantined and forbidden to go out. The Misericordia also took lists of the clothes and other possessions of plague victims so that they might not be stolen.

This epidemic opened up a new field for the Misericordia. So many people died that lots of children were left homeless and destitute. The Brethren took charge of these orphans, placing them in convent schools until rela-

tives could be found, or educating them if there were no relatives. Nor did the Misericordia stop there. Out of the funds of the society poor girls were provided with dower so they could be married, and boys were taught a trade and made self-supporting.

Finally, the Misericordia worked among prisoners. In those days, many poor people went to jail for debt with little chance of getting out if they could not raise the necessary money. Now the Misericordia paid the claim, and the poor debtor was returned to his home and family.

By this time the Misericordia was large and rich. Its founder, the poor porter, Pietro Borsi, little realized what a blessed work he had started. The Brethren of Mercy numbered among their members many of the great nobles of Florence, who worked bravely and unselfishly side by side with and for the lowliest. None could tell whether prince or porter served under the all concealing red habit.

The Misericordia had its own lodge, a big towered building with painting and frescoes by the best artists of the day. A record of membership, of work done, of money received and paid out was contained in four large volumes, one for each quarter of the city. These volumes written in Gothic characters on vellum, and bound in parchment, are still in existence (we hope).

Next the Misericordia merged with another charitable society called the "Compagnia del Bigallo." This was a mistake for the Bigallo was far inferior in every way. Members of the Misericordia, seeing funds mismanaged and work left undone, withdrew their support.

The outcome was that the Misericordia languished and became extinct. It was greatly missed by the poor, who complained bitterly that they had lost their only friend. No one did anything about reviving the Misericordia, until one day a dramatic happening brought it back.

A poor woman died in the street without either a priest or doctor to attend her, or anyone to see to her funeral. A curious crowd gathered, but, as is the way with crowds, nobody did anything but talk. At last, a man stronger and more determined than the rest shouldered his way through. He wrapped the body in a sheet, put it over his shoulder and marched off.

Straight to the City Hall he went and into the room where the Town Council was meeting. There he put his burden down at the feet of the horrified councilmen.

"Now, you see," he said, pointing to the body, "if we had the Misericordia it would have been impossible for this poor woman to die unattended and lie where she fell. It is a disgrace to the city."

The authorities agreed with him. The Misericordia must be revived they said, and separated from the infamous Bigallo. This was done. The "New Misericordia" as it was called, proved just as great a blessing as the old had been.

In the plagues that devastated Florence in 1495-98, 1530 and 1630, it was again the Misericordia which took charge of nursing and welfare work. The Brethren now wore a *black* habit with a hood, instead of the former *red*.

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The Brothers of Mercy are shown above in the city of Florence carrying a sick child to the hospital



In the beam of a flashlight, most animals' eyes shine like jewels; those of a fox glow red

Curious Eyes

WINIFRED E. WILSON

Illustrations by Margaret Waring Buck



A cat cannot see in total darkness, but is guided by whiskers and sense of smell

NATURE HANDS out her blessings according to the requirements. Thus, since the lower animals to a large extent depend on their sight for their very existence, their eyes have been placed where they can do the best job, and are frequently supplied with extra gadgets. The snail carries its short-sighted eyes at the ends of long tentacles; a woodcock's eyes are placed towards the top of its head, far back on each side, for it feeds at night on the ground and must watch out for many enemies.

The eagle, who must be able to spy from a great height his small prey in the meadow below, has eyes that can see extraordinarily far, and they are especially arranged for looking downwards, and shaded from the glare of the sun by overhanging eyebrows. An eagle can also pull down the inner eyelid that birds have, and so look right into the sun. Although a great protection from dust and strong light, this third lid, or membrane, is thin enough to allow a bird to distinguish most things. Owls make good use of it to dim the light of day. They are predatory and keep a few feet above the ground; consequently their eyes are in front.

Our eyes also, are in front, but in each eye we have only one fovea, or point of extremely

acute vision. The eyes of most animals, however, are on the sides so that they may see two objects at once, one on each side, without turning the head. That seems pretty good. But most birds can do much better than that, because each of their eyes has at least two foveae. Cabot's tern has three: the two nearest the front focus on one object; a second pair looks straight to the right and the left; while the third pair sees obliquely forward on each side. In other words, this bird is able to look at five things at the same time. Some birds are even given a band of vision, so that their view is panoramic.

A bird also has the advantage of owning an apparatus which enables it, with a quick change of focus, to know best how and when to alight after flying very fast. The corneas of the eyes suddenly protrude, just as though the bellows of the camera were pulled out in order to take a close-up.

If we go from bright sunshine to shadow, or vice versa, the pupils of our eyes, contract or expand slowly. Meanwhile, we are almost blind, and powerless to hurry up the machinery. A bird can make this change at will, instantly.

And speaking of pupils, have you ever noticed any difference in their shape? Ours are round, a pussycat's are vertical slits, and most toads' are horizontal openings. However, the spadefoot toad, like a cat, has black, vertical pupils in his beautiful golden eyes.

Some frogs are blind. The little mouselike animal, known as a shrew, is practically so. But we have some quite wrong impressions about sight and blindness. In the daytime, Richardson's owl sits quite quiet and may even be touched. For this reason the Eskimos fancy it must be blind; but it is not. It is simply nocturnal, and has complete control over the mechanism of its eyes. Our expression "blind as a bat" only shows ignorance, because bats have perfectly good eyesight. A cat is thought to be able to see in the dark. This is absolutely wrong; nothing can see in total darkness. But the cat's whiskers and its strong sense of smell take the place of eyes.

You will frequently hear of a cat's eyes shining in the dark. Such a thing is really impossible. Like the moon, they can shine only in reflected light. So if you see the cat's shining eyes, the room has not been thoroughly blacked out.

One summer a Canadian naturalist made some interesting experiments in the forests by night. He discovered that when caught in the bright beam of a strong flashlight most animals' eyes shine like jewels. Those of the white-tailed deer glow with many colors—

ruby, green, blue and yellow; while those of the lynx show steadily green, and those of the fox, red. It must have been a thrilling experience when he saw pairs of eyes appearing suddenly out of thick darkness.

No doubt you have never eye-hunted with a flashlight; but perhaps you have gone on fishing excursions. Are you under the impression that fish can't see you? Don't fool yourself. They probably see you better than you see them—though not always at the same moment. When the sun strikes the water with a dazzling light you are temporarily blinded. But remember, Mr. Trout is looking at you from the opposite direction. The water also acts as a kind of lens, and distorts both his view and yours at times. In one respect he most decidedly has an advantage over you. His eyes can be made telescopic at will, so that your image may be magnified. Oh, yes, he can see you, all right!

A fly cannot move its eyeballs and so must have an eye for every direction. The eyes of a fly are made somewhat like the facets of a diamond. It seems a pity that an insect which can be so dangerous to us humans should be so well equipped.

Brothers of Mercy

(Continued from page 31)

one, and they established their own hospitals. Women as well as men from all walks of life became members.

As the centuries came and went, the Misericordia spread far beyond the boundaries of Florence. All Italy knew its beneficent work. Branches were founded in all large cities. The white-hooded figures our army men saw moving amid the wake of war's destruction were the Neapolitan version of the seven-hundred-year-old parent organization in Florence.

The twentieth century brought many enlargements and improvements to the house of the order in Florence. Lockers were installed, where the Brethren could keep their robes when not in use, or leave their own clothes when they went out on errands of mercy wearing the garb of the order.

Best of all, a thoroughly modern magnificently equipped medical-surgical clinic is now located in the lodge, where the poor are treated free. Attending physicians and surgeons donate their services, and they are the top of their profession, for serving the Misericordia is considered a great honor. It is the blue ribbon of the medical profession. One of the consulting surgeons, besides his work, donated a superb X-ray apparatus to the outpatient clinic.

So-called "Captains of the Guard" head the Misericordia as the highest authority and hold their rank for life. There are seventy-two of them, thirty priests and forty-two laymen. The King of Italy, his son, the Prince of Piedmont, and the Archbishop of Florence are all members of the Misericordia. Of these, the King alone is an "Honorary Member" excused from actual duty. Not so his son, Prince Umberto, who has shared and shared alike with the humblest Brethren.

Italian sovereigns, princes of the church and wealthy men have made substantial gifts and bequests to the Misericordia, so the society has had plenty of money for its work. Whatever changes may come to Italy in the future, I hope that the Brethren of Mercy will continue to aid the poor, the sick and the dying, as their founder Pietro Borsi, would have wished.

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Truly Thankful

Judy Van der Veer

Oh, I am truly thankful
For what I see of peace;
The hens around my dooryard,
The snowy ducks and geese,

The pond down in the pasture,
The tree that leans to look,
The hills that hide the hunted deer,
The canyon and its brook.

The calf asleep where sun is warm.
The kittens in the hay—
For these and all things like them, Lord,
I'm grateful on this day.

—From "Our Dumb Animals"

A Big Year Ahead

MORE THAN eighteen million boys and girls in private, public and parochial schools all over the United States, in Alaska, in Hawaii, in Puerto Rico, in the Virgin Islands signed American Junior Red Cross membership rolls last November. Furthermore, hundreds of thousands of them did a lot more than pay that tiny enrollment fee and sign up.

Now, again, comes the time from November 1 to 15 to enroll for 1945. It looks as if the year ahead would offer members more opportunities than ever before to take a hand, in partnership with the American Red Cross, in helping others. There will still be the many valuable services you can perform for men and women in our armed forces. Calls will come for Junior Red Cross members to supply all kinds of articles for hospitalized servicemen and women. The Red Cross Chapter and other

community agencies, having learned by now that they can count on the Junior Red Cross membership, will ask your help. There will be more opportunities than ever to help children in war-ravaged countries through the National Children's Fund.

So get yourself enrolled and remember that this is an ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE. And put the accent on SERVICE.

Puerto Ricans Are Citizens

FORTY-SIX years ago Puerto Rico became a possession of the United States. In 1917 all the inhabitants of our island became American citizens by the Jones Act.

In spite of our commercial, political and social relations with the mainland, the great majority of Americans are ignorant of everything about us, from our geography to the organization of our government. About a month ago, for instance, a member of Congress on the Committee on Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives was discussing our transportation problem with a prominent Puerto Rican. The Congressman asked if Puerto Rico had declared war on the Axis before or after the United States.

The Junior Red Cross album we are sending not only carries pictures of our school and news about our school life, but also should help children of the mainland and children of our island get acquainted. We feel proud of being a part of the greatest democracy in the whole world, but we want to be sure that future generations will continue to honor it as we do. So let us make American children feel that all their fellow citizens do not live in the forty-eight states of the Union. About two million of them live in a little island called Puerto Rico, and they are governed by laws similar to those of any state of the Union.

Puerto Rican children shake hands with their mainland friends and fellow citizens overseas through this Junior Red Cross album.

—In an album from Jose de Diego School, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, to Alexis I. du Pont School, Wilmington, Delaware

J. R. C. Movie—Free

The Junior Red Cross movie, "Hand in Hand," can still be secured free, except for express charges, by writing to the Motion Picture Distributing Office, American Red Cross, 40 East 49th Street, New York 18, New York. It shows Junior Red Cross members enrolling for service and busy serving in dozens of ways.

Soft Toys Go Overseas

Soft toys like those at left made by JRC members of the junior high school in Lawrence, Kansas, are now being shipped overseas to little British children in nurseries partly supported by the National Children's Fund.

Alaskan members in Kwinhagak made and sent the native doll of white fur shown above



SOON now the first shipment of soft toys from American Junior Red Cross members will land on English shores. Dolls and bears, puppies and pigs will find themselves cherished by British children in nursery homes which are supported in part, as you know, through your National Children's Fund. Toys of all kinds are ever so scarce in England, and yet the children in these nurseries, all of them less than five years old, need playthings perhaps more than any children ever have. Their homes have been bombed; in many cases their mothers and fathers, even their brothers and sisters, have been badly hurt or have lost their lives. Your gift boxes and now these small toys will mean a great deal not only to the children themselves, but to those who are entrusted with looking out for the welfare of all these young boys and girls.

Nearly 1600 toys have already been sent. It is hoped now that there will be enough shipping

JRC members like those at right in Providence, Rhode Island, who have had experience during the summer in making cloth dolls for veterans' children may now make soft toys for children overseas

space so that a thousand or so can go forward each month. Your Junior Red Cross Chairman will be able to supply your teacher with standard patterns or suggest other toys that will be nice for these English children to have. Alaskan members in Kwinhagak thought that English children would like a native doll made of white fur. They sent it with this letter to the Pacific Area office: "We know that many boys and girls are unhappy these days. We would like to send them something so we have made a few things. We hope you will know some boys and girls to send them to." Other Pacific Area members thought that hand puppets would be fun so they designed some in the hope that the pattern would be acceptable. Of course all of the pattern must be for *small* toys so that shipping space can be used to the best advantage.

Almost any scraps of clean, new fabric are appropriate, but material that is soft makes a pleasanter plaything for a little child to hold than stiff or harsh materials. Cotton batting and cotton comber are best to use as fillers. Be sure, of course, that a Junior Red Cross label goes on every toy you make.



THE BULLETIN

But I Need You!

(Continued from page 29)

"You know it, don't you?"

"Yes," Frank said.

"Well, you know that part about halfway through, where it gets soft like? I just can't get it. Mr. Marten said he'd have to give up, he got so sore."

Jimmie looked around. "If there was a piano here, if I could show you what I do, Frank, you'd see. Just that one part that I can't get. Bet you'd know why I do it wrong. He doesn't, but I'll bet you would."

He looked at Frank, and after a moment Frank said, "There's a piano in the Red Cross hall, Jimmie."

Jimmie flung himself off the seat. "Are we going! Wait'll you hear that part, Frank. You'll know what's wrong in a second!"

Frank slid off his stool, and walked out of the noisy room in that slow way, with Jimmie

bouncing along at his side.

"And Joe Arnold, Frank! Remember him, he lives three houses from us? He's the one who laughed the hardest at me. Well, he's so scared you won't give him lessons, he's been practicing every day ever since I got the scheme. Frank, you know what? I signed up fourteen fellows!"

"Fourteen," Frank said softly, as they walked. "A regular business waiting for me, eh?"

"Well, sure!" Jimmie said, laughing with excitement. "Their mothers wrote all their names down. In one of your composition books, Frank. Gee, Ma was so glad. She told Pa you've got work waiting for you, if you only want it."

"Sounds like it, doesn't it?" Frank said. "Here's the recreation hall, kid. It's a good piano, too."

Somehow, his voice did not sound asleep at all any more.

AJRC Helps Robot Victims

It has often been said that "The Red Cross does not have to go there; it is there." When robot bombs fell on London, warehouses in England had on hand quantities of clothing produced in ARC chapters, much of it by JRC members. At right, members in Gary, Ind., try on for size some dresses they made for shipment overseas



Refugee children like those at left are among the boys and girls in London who, seeking protection in shelters from flying bombs, have enjoyed JRC gift boxes. Not only British children, but those in liberated areas in Europe as well, will receive your gift boxes at Christmas. Boys and girls in other countries have been glad to forego their share to make this possible. Medicine and quantities of glass substitute will be shipped to England soon by the American Red Cross. The glass substitute will not break if bombs strike nearby, and will keep dampness out of homes which have had their windows shattered.

Working at His Father's Lathe

ALEXEI ARZHANOV

A MARBLE PLAQUE with the story of Ivan Romanov, the man who had worked here, inscribed on it in gold hangs over the lathe in a Soviet munitions plant.

Ivan Romanov was not young, but when war broke out he volunteered for service in the Russian Army, fought bravely and was killed in action.

The workers of the shop put up this memorial to their comrade, and beneath it was a little hand-painted sign which read: "Only those doing double their daily quota for a month may have the honor of working at this lathe."

Although the workers saw to it that these conditions were strictly observed the lathe never stood idle. The list of eligibles grew with each day.

One day, about a year ago, a broad-shouldered, dark-eyed and serious-looking lad of fourteen came to the plant. He was Alexei Romanov, the son of Ivan Romanov, and he explained to the manager that he wanted to work at this particular plant because his father had been employed here.

Alexei and his mother lived in a near-by village and Alexei said he thought it was time he earned his own living.

When Alexei was taken to his father's lathe he looked at it for a long time and then said to the foreman:

"I want to work at my father's lathe."

"Do you see that sign?" asked the foreman quietly.

"I do," replied the boy, "and I shall do my 200 per cent."

Thus, Alexei Romanov began life as a factory worker.

Thereafter he was always in the shop and spent hours watching the old skilled workers. As soon as someone had finished his job, Alexei would ask for permission to work at his lathe. He was determined to acquire the skill displayed by the old workers. The workers were all glad to teach the son of their old comrade.

After some time, Alexei was given a lathe

to work at and his first independent job was the rough machining of parts. When the work day was over he continued working on more intricate jobs.

As a result, within six months, Alexei was a full-fledged worker on a par with the rest, doing any of the jobs which came into the shop. His daily quota fulfillment grew steadily and twice it reached 197 per cent.

When the plant received a rush war order Alexei got a new idea. With the aid of a sim-



PHOTO COURTESY OF MR. RALPH HUBBELL, A. R. C. REPRESENTATIVE IN MOSCOW

This Russian boy is shown taking his first lesson in industry so that he will be able to replace his father serving on the battle front. Besides working in factories, Russian boys and girls give valuable help on the big farms

ple device he did both the rough machining and the cutting of the part to the required size without removing it from the lathe. The foreman eagerly went about the shop encouraging the other workers to use Alexei's method.

Within four hours Alexei had completed his day's quota. During the second half of the day he did another 110 per cent of the quota. The following day he filled his quota 250 per cent.

Since then he has never fallen below this mark. He has won the right to work at his father's lathe.

Growing Up in Wartime

ANTONINA POTEMKINA

BEFORE THE WAR, Linda Vista, California, was just an uncultivated stretch of country—a sort of plateau on the other side of the valley, some six miles away from the quiet and romantic city of San Diego.

Now San Diego is anything but quiet and its romance has shifted from old Missions, Spanish lighthouses, and old padres' dams to the pulsating and gigantic airplane factories. With every inch of San Diego overcrowded by people coming from other states, more living quarters had to be found for these newcomers. So the Federal Government chose Linda Vista—or Kearney Mesa, as it used to be called—for a site on which to build a big housing project. In an unbelievably short time the waste lands were changed into a busy community.

Linda Vista is full of young people, for besides being defense workers, those who live there have to have children. Depending on the number of children, families obtain two- or three-bedroom flats. Linda Vista grew so fast that for over a year the Federal Government could not build special school buildings. Also, for more than a year after the community started, the government did not lease any ground to stores or movie houses. So Linda Vista's 10,000 people had no shopping facilities, except bakery and vegetable trucks, and for any other kind of purchase—be it a candy bar or a spool of thread—they had to take a bus across the valley to San Diego.

But the lack of buildings did not prevent Linda Vista's young population from going to school. With the arrival of the first residents, school was opened in some of the bungalows and duplexes, which had been put up for families.

Each grade occupied a separate single house, so that the whole school, from primary to twelfth grade, extended several blocks along the same street. Inside the houses, the living room and bedroom were used as classrooms, and the kitchen was usually the storeroom for textbooks and stationery. In the kindergarten house one of the bedrooms was changed into a playroom where a "beach" project was constructed: the whole floor of the room was thickly covered with sand and a high threshold was built in the doorway so that the "beach" would not be easily tracked out

into the other rooms by the children.

As no bungalow was large enough to be used as auditorium, the assemblies were held—unless it rained—outdoors. The school band also practiced outdoors. The cafeteria was housed in a duplex, both apartments of which were connected by an opened door. As all houses in Linda Vista were equipped with stoves and electric refrigerators, the cafeteria had at its disposal two home-size refrigerators to store its perishable food, but practically no other storing facilities. So the cafeteria manager turned one of the bathrooms into a store-room, and sometimes the bathtub was piled high with oranges, and sacks of potatoes were stacked along the walls.

Linda Vista school youngsters have an important share of work and responsibility.

"Not only do they assist me in my first aid work," the school nurse told me, "but they help the cafeteria manager, and many of them care for younger children at home, while both father and mother work in defense plants on swing shift.

"Also our school girls and boys act as sort of liaison officers between the schools and the Health Department on one side, and their families on the other. You see, practically all of the Linda Vista families come from other states. And the majority are not acquainted with the peculiarities of our climate and surroundings, nor do they know our school health regulations.

"So I give the youngsters a course in what I call 'Emergency Help.' This course acquaints the boys and girls with their new surroundings. Many had never lived near the ocean and didn't suspect the dangers of rip tides and undertows. Others had no idea about poison oak, which grows around our newly built houses, and they squeezed blissfully through thickets of it. Then they would come to school one day, swollen out of shape and scared to death by their mysterious disease.

"Rattlesnakes were another danger. For some are still found right on the lawns surrounding our houses.

"The school children were quick to learn and carried their information to younger brothers and sisters, as well as to their parents. It was very helpful when the family went on Sundays to the beach, for instance.

"And we have another hazard in Linda Vista. With people in every house, contagious diseases are more likely to spread and to grow into epidemics. The beginning of a rash or of a suspicious cold is easily overlooked by parents who are working. And even if such symptoms are noticed, many parents come from states where there are no school nurses. The youngsters acquaint their fathers and mothers with our health work, and often call us in time to stop a sick child from coming to school and communicating his ailment to his schoolmates. Our first aid courses are a real godsend, too, for older boys and girls when they are taking care of their younger brothers and sisters, either well or sick."

Many parents, rushed by their added work in defense plants, seem to have little time to look after their children's diets. Often young children either buy their lunches or prepare them themselves.

"When one little boy came to me with a stomach-ache," another nurse told me, "I asked him what he had had for breakfast. He told me that his mother was still sleeping when he left for school—for she worked on swing shift—but she had given him money for his breakfast and lunch. The school cafeteria did not serve any breakfasts. So he had stopped at the neighborhood grocery and bought a bag of peanuts, a popsicle, and a dill pickle and eaten them on the way to school!"

This particular nurse thought that her talks on proper food helped a lot; for having taken that course, boys and girls were eager to apply their new knowledge on balanced diets in preparing not only their own lunches but even those of their brothers and sisters. Some of them even cooked whole meals for the family.

Nurses were not the only people to tell me how useful school youngsters can be in emergency times. The San Diego Police Department was full of praise for the boys of the San Diego Junior Patrol, who very efficiently safeguarded school-crossings, releasing traffic officers for other duties.

In the Bay District, around San Francisco, and especially in San Francisco itself, where recreation facilities are scarcer than in adjoining towns, the downtown schools have quite a fine system of junior caretakers. That is, girls of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades leave their names with the principal, and if these girls have a good rating in dependability, neatness and school work, they are allowed to take care of younger school children after school hours. Not only does this help working parents, but it gives the young caretakers a pretty good income which many of them are wise enough to invest in War Bonds.

The examples of community service by school children which I have given all come from places near where I live. I am sure that all through the nation, however, there are any number of opportunities for boys and girls to help out in a great many ways. I am certain, too, that hundreds and even thousands of them are sharing in wartime work and responsibility as these California youngsters are doing.



In the picture above you see a typical street in Linda Vista. It is hard to believe that just a short time ago this busy community was waste land. The lucky children in Linda Vista hold their school assembly programs outdoors. In the photo at the left you can see a group listening to the school orchestra.

They Believe in You

OVER AND OVER, Junior Red Cross members who have made something for men in our armed services get letters of thanks that make them know that these men believe in the children of this country and are sure that it is worth fighting for a better world for them.

The seventh grade in Patrick Henry School in Norfolk, Virginia, had this letter from a hospitalized Navy man:

"Allow me to thank you for your thoughtful and lovely Christmas gift which I received while convalescing in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk. I have many times been thankful I lived in this glorious land of ours and glad of the chance to preserve our freedom, but your gift brought home to me the reason for it all. Here I was, a perfect stranger, in a stranger town, miles away from my own wife, child and family. To say I was lonely at the thought of spending Christmas in a hospital bed would be putting it mildly. But to awaken and find a gift beside me made my clouds of loneliness vanish. Happier still, I opened the box and unwrapped the numerous and handy gifts you all sent. For myself, they were life-savers, as I had lost all my gear at sea. I have already enjoyed the luxury of a shower with the soap you sent and the benefit of a cool toothbrushing with the brush and paste. The cigarettes have made many a lonely hour pass swiftly."

A soldier at Fort Riley, Kansas, wrote Junior Red Cross members in the Kilbourn Junior High in Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

"Offhand, this buck private can't think of a single good reason why he should not initiate the new writing board by thanking its donors. Thanks a lot! It makes writing in bed so much easier. Folks like you make it easier for folks like us to leave the folks at home."

And a WAVE in a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, said in her thank-you letter to members in a school in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania:

"Some of you knit the squares of my blanket and I want you to know how much cheer it brings to my room. I've been here quite a while and after looking at all gray and brown, it seems lovely to look at the gay colors you picked."

A tech sergeant away out in India wrote to the Junior Red Cross Chairman in the Uintah County, Utah, Chapter saying:

"I am writing to thank the pupils of Maeser Second Grade for the charming and amusing scrapbook which came to my hands here in the hospital, through the Red Cross."

This is part of a letter to twelve-year-old Faith S—, a pupil in Public School Number 254, Brooklyn, New York, from her brother Jerry:

"This hospital, down in the heart of the South, is filled with soldiers home from the fighting. Their fighting days are over, and most of them, when they come here, feel that their days of living are over, too. It isn't easy for men with strong, healthy bodies to look down on the empty spaces where they used to have legs, or arms, and feel that they ever want to go back to civil life again. I've seen them when they get here, blue, sick, terrified, thinking that never again can they face their family or friends. And I've seen them when they leave here, heads held high, proud of their wounds and anxious to get back home and start living again. Sure, the doctors do their part—there's no place on earth better equipped to heal broken bodies, supply false limbs to replace missing ones, teach men to walk again. But there's something else. They have to be taught to smile again, and that's where the Red Cross comes in."

"It would be impossible for me to list in detail the thousand ways the Red Cross serves these boys. Books, movies, shows, countless games, magazines, and above all, a never-failing interest on the part of the Red Cross workers. That's only part of the story. These men are made to feel at home, to lose their fear of being crippled, to realize that there is a definite place in life for them, and to know that our nation owes them a debt that we shall strive all our lives to pay. The Red Cross is paying the first installment on that debt."

"I just want you and everyone at home to realize what happens when you give something to the Red Cross—it's just a small payment on a debt we owe. We will never be able to write 'Paid in full.'

"If I had one wish to be granted, I'd wish that everybody could take just one trip through a hospital ward of the Army. Then they would know the full meaning of sacrifice."

"So, Faith, tell your friends, tell everybody, 'Do with a little less and give a little more,' for there are many that are giving all."



THE SEATTLE TIMES

FRESH PRODUCE from a school fair in Thomas, Washington, was sent to soldier-patients at Fort Lawton Hospital. In the left-hand picture you see the children loading fruits and vegetables into the Red Cross station wagon

GAMES for hospitalized soldiers were among the 89,434 items made during the past year by students in St. Louis, Missouri, schools. Some of these JRC members are shown at work at right, making game boards



PHOTO BY RUTH CUNLIFF RUSSELL

CHEER FOR THE WOUNDED



THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

AFGHANS mean warmth and comfort to our hospitalized men; and children from William Ford School, Dearborn, Michigan, enjoy making them from yarn scraps as part of the War on Waste program



CHRISTMAS decorations for soldiers in hospitals are fun to make, as the Alexandria, Virginia, members above discovered. Have your teacher-sponsor find out where such decorations are wanted and in what quantity



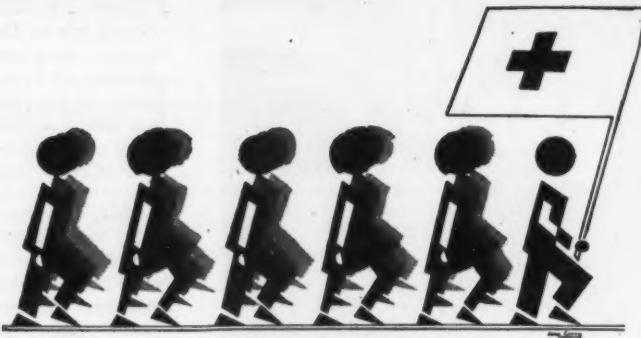
COURTESY OF SALT LAKE CITY "TRIBUNE"

GAMES purchased by the JRC members of Riverside School, Salt Lake City, Utah, (left), will help soldiers in military hospitals pass many a drab hour. The children were careful to select games popular among the patients. FAVORS for hospital food trays are being made by the youngsters, right, at Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital. Other Louisville, Kentucky, Junior Red Cross members helped fill needs for some twenty-five institutions in their area



COURIER-JOURNAL

Ideas on the March



 ENROLLMENT for Service is on the calendar this month and while 100 per cent enrollment is the goal of every school, it's pretty important to keep another goal in the forefront: that every Junior Red Cross member should be a *working* member.

To get everyone interested in helping with the work to be done, junior high school members of Custer County, Montana, wrote and arranged a program which was presented over Station KRJF. Opportunities for service, open only to members of the American Junior Red Cross, were plugged hard.

Pelham, New York, Women's Exchange gave the use of an entire window so that all the community could see an exhibit of what enrolled schools are doing for servicemen.

Members in Greeley, Colorado, and Allegany County, Maryland, wrote and produced plays which dramatized the opportunities for service in Junior Red Cross, and how American Red Cross members in the schools can

help with the big job the organization has on its hands in wartime.

When your J. R. C. enrollment is completed, why don't you write us how you went about it?

One class of Indian students in the Oglala Community School of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, earned its group enrollment by picking up thirty-five pounds of old nails and wire from the roads. Groups of boys and girls of Island Trees School, which belongs to a small farming community in Nassau County, New York, got together and earned their enrollment by digging potatoes. In Macon, Georgia, members helped to gather the pecan crop.

 NEXT TIME you set out to collect paper, flatten tin cans, salvage fats in a J. R. C. War on Waste, the pictures and facts on the back cover may help you to see even more clearly that the job is really important in winning the war.

Down in Daytona Beach, Florida, members of Ridgewood School know that an empty toothpaste tube is no longer *required* in order to get a new tube. But they know, too, that salvaged tin still has a big job to do. So J. R. C. members set about collecting used tubes already on hand when the government order was changed. To get everybody interested, they made posters for each room in the school, showing the uses made of salvaged tin. Empty boxes were put alongside the posters and soon, more than 500 tubes were collected.

Two days were not long enough for fifteen Army trucks and forty soldiers to collect all of the scrap rounded up by Junior Red Cross members of Rusk County, Wisconsin. Much of the scrap was too heavy for children to carry to school, so they guided the trucks to farms to pick up old



COURTESY OF THE RICHMOND "TIMES-DISPATCH"

Richmond, Virginia, JRC members trace the route of a school correspondence album sent to Argentina



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE

stoves, cars, and so on. Members in Linden School near Sheldon, located an old engine boiler. The soldiers dragged the boiler—1200 pounds—from the edge of the woods to a huge tree in the farmyard. One of the boys climbed the tree with a cable, dropped it over a big limb, and hooked it to the boiler below. Then the big truck with the winch slowly backed up, lifting the boiler high enough for another truck to receive it.

Everywhere in the county, boys and girls were bringing in scrap on wheelbarrows and coaster wagons, even farm wagons and teams.

In Oneonta, New York, the fact that paper is the nation's No. 1 critical material right now, spurred J. R. C. members on to do an outstanding job in wastepaper collection. With teachers in charge, the city was divided into areas, and every boy and girl in the school had a certain street as his responsibility. Citizens were asked to put their carefully tied newspapers and magazines out on certain days during certain hours. But that didn't always work. So such objections as "I haven't time," "I have no string," were promptly overcome by J. R. C. members who gave every possible help in order to get the much needed paper. Ton after ton was collected, and Oneonta members have a growing pride as they watch the record on school bulletin boards which tell the story.

PLANNED CONTRIBUTIONS from your Junior Red Cross Service Fund make the National Children's Fund possible. Lately the Fund has provided shoes for Russian children orphaned by the war, has helped to maintain nurseries in England for children evacuated from danger zones and has sent thousands of pairs of socks and stockings for children in Greece who are in desperate need of them. Boys and girls evacuated from Yugoslavia to a camp near Moses' Wells in Egypt were given clothing of all sorts from American Red Cross stores in the Middle East. But no school supplies were available. So your National Children's Fund shipped an assortment of writing tablets, pencils, paint brushes, water colors, chalk, rulers and powdered ink.

Shipping charges for gift boxes, and for those toys sent to England (See p. 35) are paid for from the N. C. F. Latest purchases



COURTESY OF "THE SCRANTONIAN"

Pupils at Marywood Seminary, Scranton, Pennsylvania, sign their names as they enroll for service in the American Junior Red Cross

from the Fund are recreational supplies for Japanese-American boys and girls in the Manzanar Relocation Center in California. These children, hard-working members of the Junior Red Cross, were delighted when the equipment arrived: ping-pong balls, model airplanes of all kinds, and leather thongs, scrap leather, reeds, blunt kindergarten scissors and small nails for craftwork. The Junior Red Cross at Manzanar has a shop where more than three dozen different kinds of toys are made for use in nursery schools at the center.



FRANK, hero of the story, "But I Need you!," is hospitalized in the New Crile General Hospital, which is receiving lots of attention from the Junior Red Cross. Through the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Council, members of Cleveland, Ohio, have supplied filled utility bags, wash cloths, afghans, hot-water bottle covers, convalescent slippers, large ash trays, flower containers, cartoon and crossword puzzle scrapbooks, as well as hot dish holders, dishcloths, and tea towels needed when the hospital opened.

Junior Red Cross members in the Orthopedic Room at Walnut Street School in Lansing, Michigan, worked together to complete an afghan for the use of hospitalized servicemen. One girl who knit six squares had her arm in an airplane sling. Two children who have muscular trouble which makes it especially hard for them to handle knitting needles completed another half dozen squares. Money for the wool was raised in part through the sale of ration book folders.



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

The Laughing Brownies

Miriam Clark Potter

Pictures by Frank Dobias

ONCE there was a troop of brownies who lived on the tiptop shelf of a kitchen cupboard, and they were always laughing to themselves.

They had a home in a rusty iron pot, and went to bed in an old flour sifter. Sometimes, when the rest were sleeping, one of them would climb out and turn the handle of the sifter, shaking his brothers this way and that. But it did not trouble them in the least! Instead, they thought it was a fine joke, and laughed soft laughter that sounded like leaves in the wind.

But the brownies' favorite amusement was to steal downstairs in the middle of the night, and make toast. They laughed while they were dragging the bread from the bread box, they laughed while they were toasting it, and most of all when it popped up, ready to eat. Then



Miss Sally sniffed and said, "I smell toast!"

they just shouted! While they ate, they were too busy to laugh, of course, and, besides, their mouths were full.

Now the people who lived in the house were two old sisters, Miss Sally and Miss Jane. Miss Sally slept with her nose outside of the covers, and Miss Jane liked hers tucked in. They always went to bed early, and they wore gray nightcaps. They never missed the bread that the brownies took for toast, because each one thought that the other one had eaten it. Fortunately they were good, sound sleepers, and did not know what was going on downstairs.

But one night very late Miss Sally did wake up.

She sat straight up in bed, and said out loud, in the chilly darkness, "I smell toast!"

Miss Jane woke, too, at that, and said

They laughed a bit and tugged a bit and finally the bread was in the toaster



in a cross, muffled voice, "What a foolish idea! Toast—in the middle of the night. I don't smell a thing—no, I don't!"

"That's because your nose is way down under," her sister told her. "Really, I don't see how you can breathe at all. Do sit up, and you will smell what I smell."

So Miss Jane grumbled, uncovered her face, sat up, and sniffed. Then she said, "Yes, you are right. I smell toast, too!"

Miss Sally whispered, "Then there is only one thing to do. We must go downstairs and see who is helping himself to our things in our own little kitchen in the middle of the night!"

Miss Jane lighted a candle. The sisters put on wrappers and slippers, and started slowly for the stairs.

Down below, the brownies had already eaten two slices of hot toast, divided into wee scraps among them. They had just put in two more pieces when one of them said, "Listen! Danger! I hear voices above."

"Nonsense!" said another. "No harm. The two ladies are just talking in their sleep."

They all laughed.

Pop! Up came the two slices of toast, and they all doubled over, laughing.

"I'll cut them up," said one of the biggest of the brownies.

"I'll divide them," said another.

"I'll pass them around," said a third.

The first one moved the long silver knife this way and that, and they giggled, just to see it.

Then they began to eat, again. Munch-crunch, munch-crunch. How they loved hot, crispy toast, in the middle of the night!

But one of them stopped chewing suddenly, and said, "Listen! Danger! I hear footsteps!"

"Nonsense!" said the one who had said "Nonsense!" before. "It is just those old boards, creaking in the midnight cold."

But another one whispered, "I see a light."

"It is the two sisters," squeaked a brownie from the top of the toaster, where he was sitting because he loved the warmth. "They are awake."

"But what if they should find us? What if they should come downstairs?"



Up he shot into the air

Then the brownies began to chatter all at once, in great excitement.

"We must hurry and finish our bits of toast—"

"We must hurry and brush away the crumbs—"

"We must open the window, a minute, so that the fresh air will sweep away the toast smell—"

"We must put the bread back in the box—"

Then the one who liked to turn the flour sifter handle ran over to the

toaster and set it to pop up. So, when the spring was released, the brownie sitting on top was sent high into the air. Up he shot—and down he came again, and then they all laughed terribly hard, the popped-up one loudest of all!

"No time for laughing now," said a careful one. "Wait till we have the room in order."

So they munch-crunched and finished their toast. They brushed up the crumbs. They opened the window and shut it again. They put the bread back. They hurried and scuttled this way and that.

But they could not wait to laugh! They began to grin and chuckle and giggle and snicker and chirp, and pretty soon they were laughing so hard that they could hardly stand up. It was all they could do to climb to the tiptop shelf and crowd into the flour sifter. They kept falling down again and again.

When they were safe, they put their hands over their mouths to quiet their fun.

The sisters came into the kitchen. They held the candle high and looked all around.

Miss Jane asked, "Well, do you smell toast, now?"

"It is very faint," Miss Sally told her. "Perhaps I just imagined it. Do you notice it?"

"Nothing to speak of," said her sister. "And there is no one here doing any

cooking. The smell is, as you say, very faint, and like a dream. If only you would sleep as I do, with your nose inside the cover, and not out, you would not be troubled with these crazy ideas. Toast—in the middle of the night! Come along back to bed."

So they went up the stairs.

Then the brownies took their hands from over their mouths and gave merry little cackles and bursts and whoops. After awhile one of them asked, "But what if they had touched the toaster, and found it warm?"

At that they all stopped to wonder, till a sleepy one, way at the bottom of the sifter, said, "But they didn't."

Then they all began chuckling again, so gaily that Miss Sally said to her sister, "Please get your ear out this time, not your nose. I am sure that I heard a sound of laughter!"

Miss Jane sat up and listened, but by that time the brownies had quieted down.

"There's nothing at all," she sputtered. "What a big goose you are!"

The brownies heard her say that. It was very funny to hear one sister call the other a big goose in the middle of the night, so they started laughing again. But the careful one made them put their hands over their mouths, so that the sound was drowned out.

Soon they were all asleep. But even in their dreams, the ends of their little mouths were turned up in a smile.



Even in their dreams their mouths turned up in a smile

They Earned Theirs

REAL Junior Red Cross members don't ask their parents for the money for enrollment. They earn the money they contribute or else save it by giving up something they might have bought for themselves.

Members in the Union School at Freeport, Illinois, wrote us how they earned their enrollment fees:

I cleaned up the garden. I took the ashes out of the stove. I put bricks under the corner of the porch. *Edward, Grade 1 B*

First I washed and dried dishes, then I swept the porch, then I made the beds. My sister wanted to help the Junior Red Cross, too. So she earned two pennies and I brought them to school for her. *Jo Ann, Grade 1 A*

To earn my Red Cross money I got the eggs for my mother and watered the hens and fed the hens. I take care of my garden. *Jimmy, Grade 2 A*

To earn my money for the Red Cross, I helped my father in the garden by pulling some quack grass and running an errand. He gave me 25 cents. I also helped Mr. Brown rake his yard. He gave me 10 cents. *Mary Louise, Grade 3*

One day I was sitting on our back porch, trying to think of something to do for the Junior Red Cross. I heard my mother say, "Oh dear, dishes again and I'm so tired! I worked in the garden all day."

I thought to myself, there's what I can do for the Junior Red Cross. I went in the house, but when I thought of the good time I would miss if I did the

dishes that night, I went back out. I sat on the porch swing for about five minutes and began to think it over. I thought of the children over across the ocean who need so much. We can help some of them with money for the National Children's Fund.

Finally I went back in the house again and washed and wiped the dishes and put them away. I did this five nights in a row. Mother paid me 25 cents on Thursday, and I gave it to the Junior Red Cross. *Juliana, Grade 4*

Over the week end I went to the country. Saturday afternoon my aunt and I went mushrooming. She told me she would give me a penny for every mushroom I found.

Before long I found ten of them, so I had ten cents.

Later on when we got home, my uncle promised to give me a nickel for each nest of eggs I found in the timber near their house. I found one nest of six eggs so that was a nickel. That is how I earned my money for the Junior Red Cross. *Mary Louise, Grade 5*

We had been planning for months to give a great show. The name which we finally decided on was "Little's Vaudeville and Freak Show." We made clowns, actors, magicians, midgets, fat ladies, and nearly anything else you can think of, out of only six children. When the day of the big event was over, we had had a lot of fun and our audience had enjoyed it, too. We got four dollars, and after the money was divided among the six of us, we took it to school for the Junior Red Cross. *Patricia, Grade 6*

LIFE SAVERS

PHOTOS CLOCKWISE: COURTESY OF THE CANTON REPOSITORY, CANTON, OHIO; U.S. COAST GUARD; FROM ACME; SALVAGE DIVISION, WAR PRODUCTION BOARD



The tin, the fat, the paper you collected have all gone to war. By saving just two tin cans, you may have helped lessen the pain of one of the survivors of a torpedoed ship (top right) because it takes just two to make the morphine-injecting syrette seen in the hand below. Wounded men waiting for help can use the syrette themselves. Sulfa ointments and other medicines which protect our men from infection and help to relieve burns, contain fat you have saved. These drugs, as well as food rations for shipwreck survivors, are all packed in tin. But the nation's No. 1 critical shortage is paper, used for boxes to ship field rations, ammunition, blood plasma, medical and surgical supplies, life-boat emergency lights, hand grenades and shell cases. At lower left, U. S. Coast Guardsmen unload wounded men where paper-wrapped emergency supplies wait on shore. The airplane at lower right carrying a rush shipment of blood plasma has tin in its motor and uses cold-resisting lubricants made from waste fat. The Canton, Ohio, girls above make a quilt for servicemen from odds and ends





AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



ENROLL FOR SERVICE

Planning Thanksgiving Greetings—Talk with your Junior Red Cross sponsor about your ideas for greetings and favors for men in service. Send gifts or greetings only as directed by your Junior Red Cross chairman. Follow instructions about inspecting and packing.

Examples of Thanksgiving Motifs: harvest, pumpkins, fall leaves, chrysanthemums, corn, the turkey, the family party, the first Thanksgiving.

If your family entertains servicemen for Thanksgiving, ask them what kind of joke books, cartoons and games they enjoy. Talk over their answers with your teacher, classmates, and Junior Red Cross sponsor.

Our Thanksgiving Tradition—Make Thanksgiving a season for improving national harmony. Plan a classroom program to show how old families and newcomers in your own community are all contributing to the nation's welfare.

Examples: defense work, training for military service, hospitality, community service, practising the principles of democracy. Include talks on contributions made by people of different racial and national origins. Talk over

SALVAGE



MILKWEED COLLECTION



OUTDOOR CHORES



INDOOR CHORES



FOOD SALES



PUPPET SHOWS



ENROLL FOR SERVICE

Planning for Future Months—Ask your school sponsor to find out from the Junior Red Cross chairman what gifts will be needed for Christmas.

Can your class help make Christmas Carol booklets with art covers? Find out from your Junior Red Cross chairman which carols will be used and how arranged. Print the words on your school press or mimeograph them. Decorate covers with block prints or water colors. Junior high school members, find out through your Junior Red Cross sponsor whether your art class can make paper "stained glass windows" for the chapel in some camp hospital for Christmas or some other season.

Some things you need to know: number of windows, size and location.

Some problems involved: best materials to use, color effects; ways of fastening your "windows" to the regular windows.

Christmas motifs: Christmas tree or wreaths, star of Bethlehem, sheep and shepherd, the Magi. *Motifs for other seasons:* winter woods, sun, moon and stars, lilies, spring flowers, dogwood blossoms or tree, autumn leaves or trees, harvest, "rose window".

Interesting things to look up:



MEMBERSHIP



NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND

1944 NOVEMBER

or, etc., autumn leaves, etc.,
harvest, "rose window,"

Interesting things to look up:
church windows in your own community, famous windows in our country and other countries

Working Together—Ask your sponsor to help you find ways that every grade in your school can help this year with service.

Suggestions: Members in sixth grade and junior high school language classes can select crossword puzzles, cartoons, comic strips or jokes to be mounted. Have committees judge selections. Will servicemen find them humorous?

Arrange comic strips in sequence and number them. Invite younger classes to help with mounting them in books and decorating the covers. Medium-sized books are better than large ones.

YOUNG MEMBERS, ASK OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS TO LET YOU HELP MAKE BOOKS OF COMIC STRIPS FOR SERVICEMEN. ASK FOR COMICS THAT SERVICEMEN LIKE. PASTE THEM IN BOOKS STRAIGHT. KEEP THEM IN THE RIGHT ORDER. KEEP YOUR BOOKS CLEAN.

Classes beginning to use sewing machines can stitch small scraps of cloth into pieces large enough to cut for soft toys. Match fabrics and shapes so that toys can be cut in interesting patterns.

YOUNG MEMBERS, RAVEL OUT OLD CLOTH TO MAKE STUFFING FOR SOFT TOYS FOR ENGLISH BABIES. USE ONLY WASHED OR DRY - CLEANED CLOTH.

1944 NOVEMBER 1944

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Help observe American Education Week. Make an exhibit to show how the Junior Red Cross opens ways of doing school work for service. Make captions to show how your school helps you improve the gifts you make. Include

samples of service in the community, service to the armed forces, service for world welfare.

If there is a special school or class for the blind in your chapter invite Junior Red Cross representatives to join your chapter council. Save lives by preventing street accidents. Play fair with others by obeying traffic rules.

EARNING BY SERVING

In your classroom discuss the ways that money raised for Junior Red Cross is used. Find examples in the *Junior Red Cross News* of ways that the National Children's Fund helps children too far away for you to help otherwise. Find examples of community and national services that require funds.

Earn your own funds for membership and service. In each classroom talk over group activities for earning money. Tell about experiences in individual earning.

Have a class discussion about ways that adults earn through serving; about voluntary service performed without wages—
YOUNG MEMBERS, READ "THEY EARNED THEIRS" IN THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The November News in the School

Classroom Index

Art:

"Enrollment for Service," "The Frost Has Gilded Cobwebs," "They Believe in You"

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"Enrollment for Service," "Air Age Advances," "But I Need You," "Brothers of Mercy," "A Big Year Ahead," "Puerto Ricans Are Citizens," "Soft Toys Go Overseas," "Working at His Father's Lathe," "Growing Up in Wartime," "They Believe in You," "Cheer for the Wounded," "Ideas on the March," "They Earned Theirs," "Life Savers"

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Geography:

"Air Age Advances"

England—"Soft Toys Go Overseas"

Italy—"Brothers of Mercy"

Russia—"Working at His Father's Lathe"

U. S. A.—"But I Need You," "The Frost Has Gilded Cobwebs," "Puerto Ricans are Citizens," "Growing Up in Wartime"

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"But I Need You"

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"Curious Eyes"

Primary Grades:

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Conservation of Materials—"Life Savers"

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Transportation—"Air Age Advances"

War Work—"But I Need You," "Soft Toys Go Overseas," "Working at His Father's Lathe," "Growing Up in Wartime," "Ideas on the March," "They Believe in You"

Junior Red Cross in Education

Last year Mr. Walter F. Dexter, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, wrote the following letter to Mr. Earl K. Peckham, Junior Red Cross Director in the Pacific Area. It states

succinctly aims held in common by the schools and the Junior Red Cross.

"The California State Department of Education is happy to recognize that during this war period well over eighty per cent of the elementary and secondary schools of California are enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross. What is more important they are carrying on the educational community service program in our cities, our nation, and our world.

"The Junior Red Cross, which is the American Red Cross in the schools, is not new to California. Since 1917 this American institution has stood ready to help the schools to participate in a well-organized welfare program that serves human needs regardless of class, race, or nation. This program having its controls in lay membership in each local community and its over-all guidance in the hands of educators, supplies to our schools an organized, efficient way of giving our children appropriate responsibility and wholesome satisfaction in service.

"The Junior Red Cross has always approached the schools with an understanding of the schools' problems and has only wished to serve in the interest of the children. It has made sure that children and young people have an important voice in decisions and plans for carrying out the needed work in their own Junior Red Cross. Such activities in the schools lead to the development of efficient civic leadership and broad, sensitive, and democratic attitudes.

"I endorse this program most heartily, as a program for participation in the war effort and in community service. I know that school people will wish to utilize the Junior Red Cross in bringing pupils into the problems of the post war period as well. Administrators and teachers will want to keep informed of the activities of the local Red Cross chapters, particularly in respect to the educational program of the Junior Red Cross. This can be done through direct association with local community chapters."

Developing Calendar Activities

The November Calendar carries the suggestion that Junior Red Cross members themselves initiate inquiries about ways that all grades may share in the service program. The successful experience of the Shady Hill School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in whole school planning was reported to the North Atlantic Office by Miss Harriet Yeomans, Assistant Director of the school and Junior Red Cross sponsor.

A coordinating committee comprised two representatives of each grade from the third through the ninth, six staff members and one representative from the parents' council. This council, meeting once a month, planned the roll call, distributed the production task among grades able to handle each type of work, discussed phases of community service, planned assemblies and exhibits and reported on progress. Miss Yeomans recommends:

"The committee must be a working group and meet regularly. In order to have the full support and understanding of the children they should function in all the major planning. If our problem is to help the children achieve a sense of responsibility towards their Junior Red Cross program and local community as well as their own school group, they should take active part in finding out what the community needs to have done."

Three assemblies were held during the year:

In November for the third through ninth grades, to present a picture of Red Cross work, tell what kind

the school was to do, and report on J.R.C. enrollment

In March for the entire school, first to ninth grades, to meet with Mr. Reece, Assistant Junior Red Cross Director in the North Atlantic Area

Also in March, to present an exhibit of completed work and work under construction. This third assembly was presented in three groups, grades 1-3, 3-7, and 8-9.

The committee planned and carried out all assemblies except the meeting with Mr. Reece.

The principal projects accepted for the year were: production for the armed forces and hospitalized veterans and gifts for the Cambridge Community Center and for Lanham Act Nurseries.

"It is a policy of the school that a certain share of every child's handwork throughout the year goes to meet community needs outside the school. In the shop an assembly line was organized; consequently each child was able to share in some phase of production. Every grade in the school, five years old through ninth grade, made one or more completed articles."

The projects gave opportunity for collaboration between grades.

Grade B made quince jelly and cranberry sauce and painted flower pots with gumdrop flowers for the naval hospital.

Grade B with grade 3 made boats and barges for the Community Center.

Grades 2, 3 and 6 collaborated in the project of making Christmas Carol booklets.

Young grades frequently participate by learning to sing some of the carols; actual making of carol booklets is usually too difficult below the fifth or sixth grade.

Grades 3 and 7 collaborated in producing wooden silhouette animals for the Community Center. [Often young members enjoy painting toys made by older grades.]

Grades 5 and 6 collaborated in making window pads and writing portfolios.

Grade 7 produced six-car trains, dolls, tables, sheets for nurseries and story books and puzzles for the Community Center.

Grades 7 and 8 collaborated in making writing portfolios for servicemen.

Grade 8 made dolls' beds and blankets for nurseries.

Grades 8 and 9 made cabbage boards and lap boards for servicemen and pillows, mattresses, pillow slips, spreads, wash-cloths, bibs, aprons, slips, panties and a dress for nurseries.

"Selecting as we did one or two major activities has made it possible to do a more thorough and complete job. Much learned this year will be of value in planning for 1944-45. I am convinced that a certain amount of local community work is of major value. I hope this kind of activity will become an integral part of the Junior Red Cross program."

Collaboration between Schools

The *Calendar* suggests that art classes in junior high school grades may find, through the Junior Red Cross chairman, opportunities to make paper-transparency "stained glass windows" for camp hospital chapels. Such a project was carried out cooperatively by the Classen high school and Britton junior-senior high school of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

An explanation of the project sent by Miss Lottie Conlon, teacher in Classen high school, furnished material for the following much abbreviated synopsis. The Oklahoma City art department was invited to make 10 decorations to be used in the windows of the Catholic Chapel at the Will Rogers Field, last Christmas. The Classen high school was to take care of six large enough to cover the first, third and fifth windows on both sides of the chapel. The Britton junior-

senior high school was to make medallions to decorate the center panes for both sashes of the second and fourth windows on either wall.

At Classen, each student was asked to paint designs in $\frac{3}{4}$ " scale on 12" x 18" paper. These preliminary designs were displayed on tables where everyone could see them and offer suggestions. Forty were eliminated "not because of poor drawing, designing or coloring—in fact they were all amazingly good—but because they did not fit in with the schemes which appeared superior. A modern color scheme—light against dark, warm against cold with strong black munin and casing lines was most effective."

The central window was made the center of interest with the outer windows leading in design and color to that center. Members of the Art Club then painstakingly went over each design, finally choosing twelve, a part or all of which were to be incorporated into the six windows drawn on paper in actual size, 3' 8" wide by 9' 3" high. The art teacher, by a special trip to the chapel to check measurements and architectural details, discovered that the paper for the final work must be white, since the window glass was amber color. The amber would give a gray cast to the red and a greenish cast to the blue.

Experiments were made on samples of paper contributed by a paper company. Finally the commercial artist made a gift of twenty sheets of billboard advertising paper 43" x 63", which could be used since the windows were divided into a lower and an upper sash. Experiments with paint proved that showcard colors worked best. The brand selected turned out a success: "no colors could have been more brilliant and beautiful." By the time all the materials were on hand only two days were left, but the job was completed on time. "The final touch was added when the boys in the manual training department sprayed a light coat of quick drying shellac over all the surfaces."

The Britton junior-senior high school members carried out their share under the direction of Miss Dorothy Baird, using the same colors as those for the other three windows on each wall.

The activity under careful supervision has proved successful as low down as the fifth grade. Instead of paint and billboard paper, newsprint paper is sometimes used and the design is made with crayolas, brushed over afterwards with linseed oil. It is necessary to blot the paper on newspaper until all the excess oil is absorbed.

The *Calendar* suggests seasonal nature themes in addition to religious, and the project lends itself to integrating the work of the art class with history as well as with national or community service.

Christmas Carol Booklets

Because each hospital will receive carol booklets made in more than one school it is essential that the same carols be included in all, and arranged in the same order. A table of contents with page numbers facilitates use. Get the list of carols with other instructions from area headquarters through your chapter Junior Red Cross chairman. Words may be printed, mimeographed or typed. A wider range of themes than for navy menu covers is acceptable for the art covers but all should be Christmasy.